

Vanessa Flays

ibringdreams@hotmail.com



tell me what
you think!

Overnight Shift

Vol #I, iss #2



Halloween 2002; J. Gish's house: Venus as
a Boy!

~~Vanessa Flays~~

6pm Aug 13th - 1pm Aug 14th.

Zoo 5

(or is it as a
Daddy?) ←

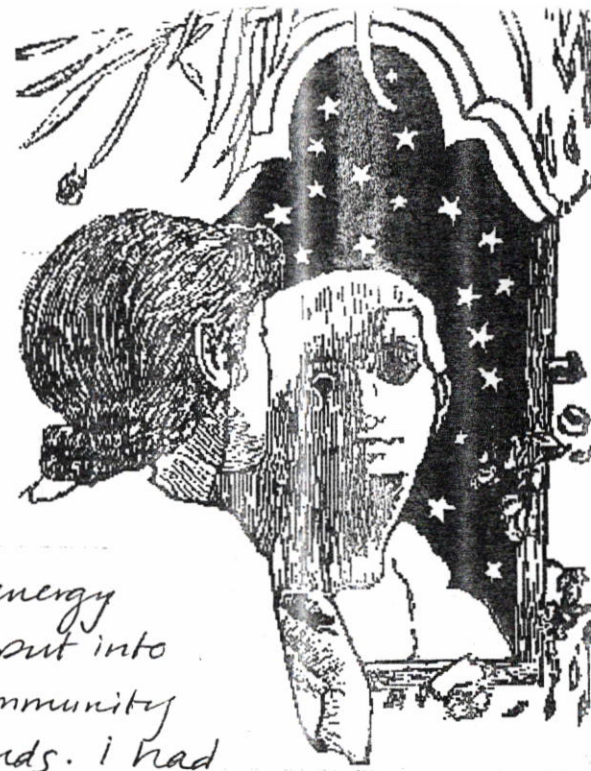
Hi.

I work at a domestic violence shelter. This is freaking awesome the vast majority of the time (though, of course, I would ultimately like to be out of a job). The only thing that even remotely sucks about this job is that every other weekend I work a 19-hour overnight shift. This leaves me with a lot of time on my hands, assuming that the crisis line and house are fairly quiet. I would do homework or read, but I'm not in school anymore and I can't really read for more than 5 or 6 hours at a ~~stretch~~^{time}. So I'm going to compile some random thoughts and images into a zine. This is a one-shot published twice a month. I'm listening to K.D. Lang's Shadowland while I make it; you should listen to that as you read it. Enjoy.

- V

This need for aloneness may be hard on my friends or my community, but I think it's healthy and necessary. My ex needed all the time and energy that I didn't put into work, school, community projects, or friends. I had nothing left for myself. I don't even know what I like anymore. I'm going to get to know myself again. I've given myself until next spring until I'll let myself worry about whether or not I should be dating or having sex. I'm going to get involved in things I care about again. Getting this job was the point at which I realized that it was time to take my life back into my own hands. ♡

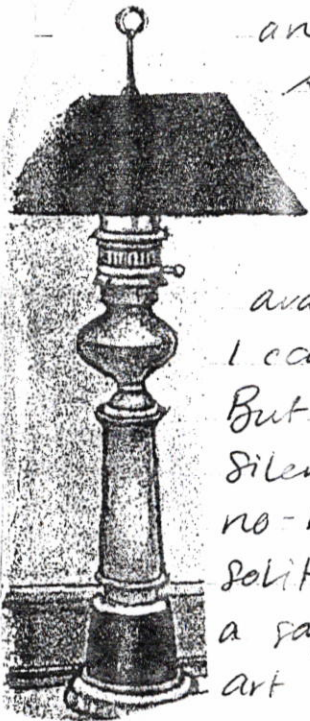
I even smile like that, baby.



Smiling Alone in my Room

I'm beginning to like silence and solitude again. As a kid, I spent nearly all my time alone. Sometimes my caretakers thought I was autistic because I played games in my head for hours. Then I found people who weren't mean. After that I found a real community. I've spent the last few years surrounded by loud, exciting, wonderful activity. Then my ex and I split and I found myself all alone.

At first it was really scary; I sought out company at all times, had music on when there was no one else available, and slept as much as I could to chase away the fear. But lately I've been craving silence - not total silence, but no-humans-around silence - and solitude. I made my room into a safe haven. I've been making art and writing and reading.



things I've done in the last 2 weeks...

- decided not to freak out when I didn't get any sort of response to the loveish letters I ~~to~~ sent a couple weeks ago.
- moved into a new house and got my room set up in a very sanctuary-like manner.
- found out that my mom had to put my 17-year-old dog to sleep.
- went on a date?
- ate way too much icecream.
- forgave someone.
- got soaked to the bone waiting next to the dumpster for pizza in the rain for an hour.

I recently realized that I've lost my sense of wonder with the world. I blame it on having a broken heart. Why can't I touch the sky? mostly a broken heart and school loans to pay off. But it's no excuse, really.

How do birds fly? What makes flowers grow? I just kind of shut myself off to the magic of the world, and started being pessimistic and cynical all the time. Well, fuck that. This time is the start of a reawakening of the magic in me. I'm going to start taking pictures again and take a ceramics class at the art center when I get some cash.

Where do snowflakes come from? I'm going to get my oboe out of storage and relearn how to play it and start a band with every single one of my



③

but then he made me rethink what counts as a date, or love for that matter. I've never dated anyone casually. I've never loved someone without having sex. I'm realizing that there are a million ways to be with another person. When he said it could be a date, I nearly panicked; I had finally come to a place where I felt like I understood everything and could classify and categorize everything, and he just kind of broke all my structures with an offhand phrase. So now I'm working on just taking things as they are and enjoying them without trying to understand and label them. I'm trying to accept love in all its forms. ♥

③

getting coffee and the barista told us that

(COFFEE)

she recognized us from when we were in

BROWN

there before and asked us how our night

was going. She clearly thought we were

on a date. We were both dressed

AT

up a little, coincidentally, and we

JACKSON

played chess. We had a really

JEFFE

nice time. When we went to get

icecream, I brought up the barista

HAWNEE

DICK and laughed, but he said it could

have been a date - a date could

be anything with anyone. Friends could

FR

go on dates. It kind of rattled me. I've

USAGE

wanted to date him and came to peace

with the fact that I never would

COFFEY

friends in it. I'm going to start doodling
in my sketch book all the
time again.

I'm going. Why can't I touch the sky?

to start making my own clothes

and selling homemade clothes for

all sizes of people. I'll finally do

that genital mutilation info project

with my cunt pillows. I'll go to

more shows and art exhibits and

museums. I got so involved

in school and work and

being in a committed relationship

and doing activist work

that I forgot how to

fully live.

I forgot
some

Where do
of the most
important things
do snowflakes come from?

in my life:
art and love. So, starting now, I'm going
to stop putting that shit off. ♡

How do birds fly?

What makes flowers grow?



Too Busy Being Blue

It's been six months since my relationship with my former partner ended, and I'm just now getting to the functional level again.

I think that's probably alright since we were together for 2 1/2 years. But now that I'm functional again, I may have to think about the possibility of dating.

When I was a fucked up mess, I didn't have to worry about anyone wanting anything from me, but now that I've got my shit together I run the risk of being attractive to other

people. I had an accidentally datelike experience a couple nights ago and it was nice. I have another possibly datelike experience in a couple days.

It helps that both the other people involved in these datelike experiences are seeing other people / not interested in seriously

dating me and the pressure is significantly reduced. Really, for the first time in my life, I'm not interested

in dating or having sex. The idea kind of scares me and makes me feel sick. I think I'm beginning to like

being single. I would never have guessed that I'd say that. I've been in a relationship pretty much since I was

17, so it's probably time I got to know myself.

The thought of letting someone get close to me like that again is

terrifying. So now I'm just another dyke with a fear of intimacy. But

the other night I was out with a friend →